

# To The End, Lew

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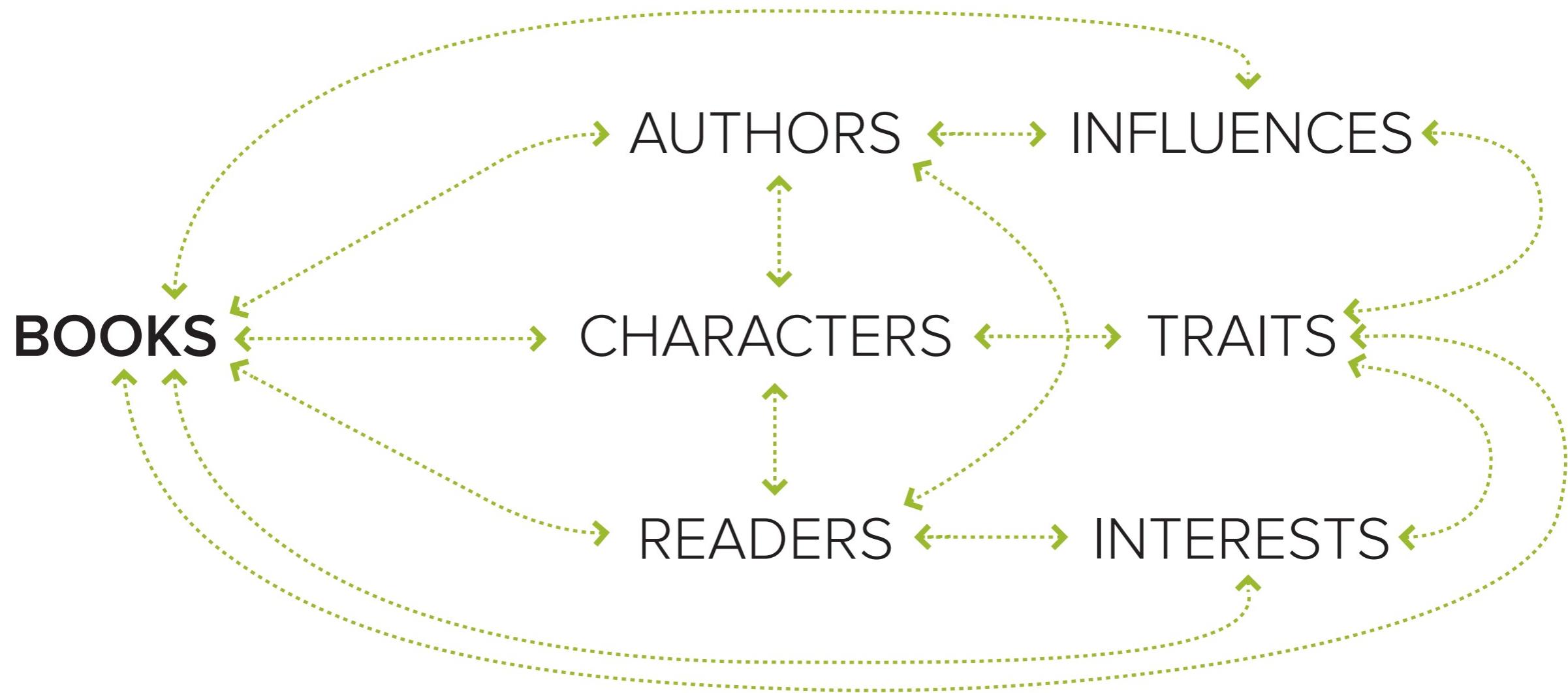


We seek to consider future books as networked, distributed sets of interactions—less containers of circumscribed content. Then the question arises, what does a beautiful book look like?

What if this has already happened?

What if books have always been this way?

**We seek to consider future books as  
networked, distributed sets of interactions  
less containers of circumscribed content. Then  
the question arises, what does a beautiful book  
look like?**



So, let's make this personal.

"I'll be by to pick up my things later this week if that's all right."

Yes.

"Take care, Lew."

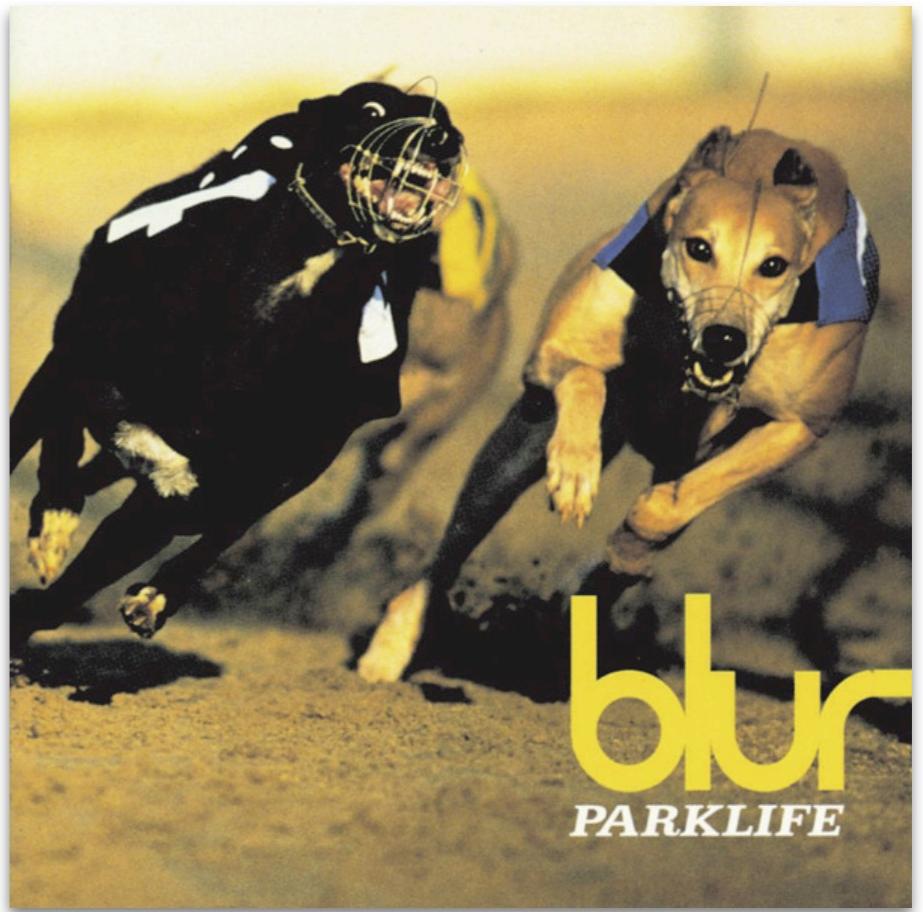
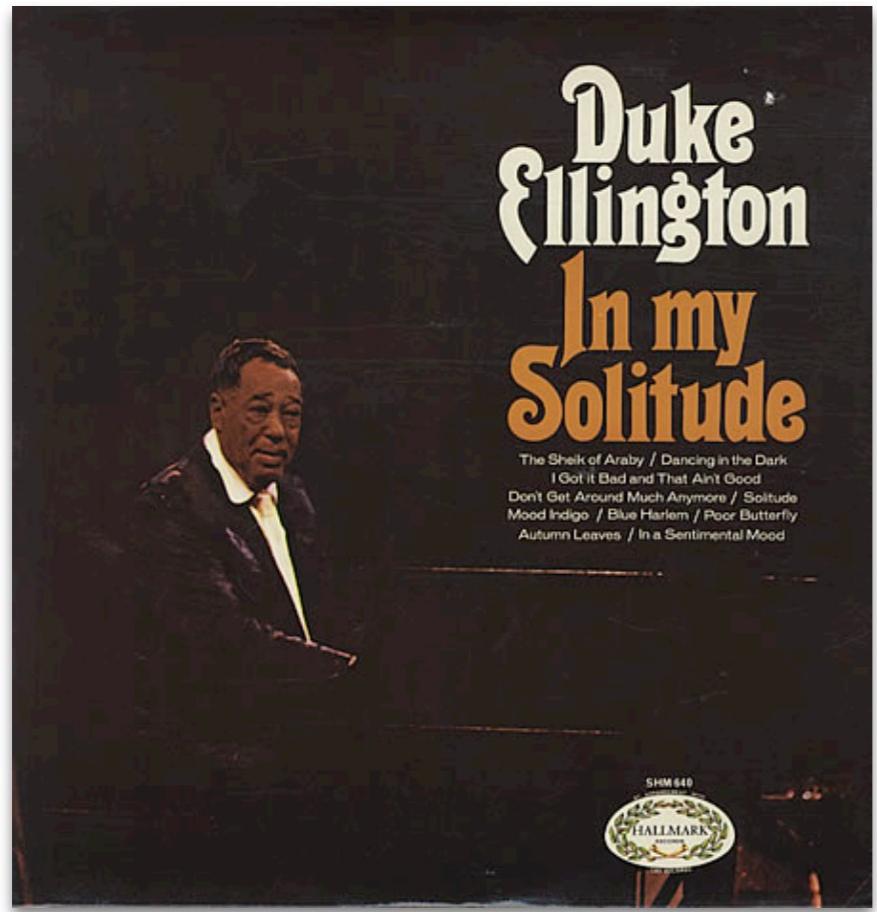
"You too."

When the front door closed half an hour later, I got up and went into the front room. I looked through the records till I found one with Duke Ellington's "In My Solitude." I played it sixteen times while I finished the Dewar's.

"JESUS I'M SORRY, Lew."

Coffee lurched over the side of my cup onto the table. I held on to the cup with both hands and leaned into the table. I'd just told Don about LaVerne leaving.

He'd come back to the house



Lew Griffin  
Heartbreak, New Orleans

Valla  
Heartbreak, Los Angeles

Auch. I'd become just a neighborhood cop who didn't get any important cases. But, since the Colonial Army, being a cop was the only thing I knew. And nobody had ever challenged me to do anything else. But I knew my colleagues were right, I was on the slippery slope. I wasn't the kind of cop who could shoot a punk in the back to save a colleague's skin, and that meant I was dangerous.

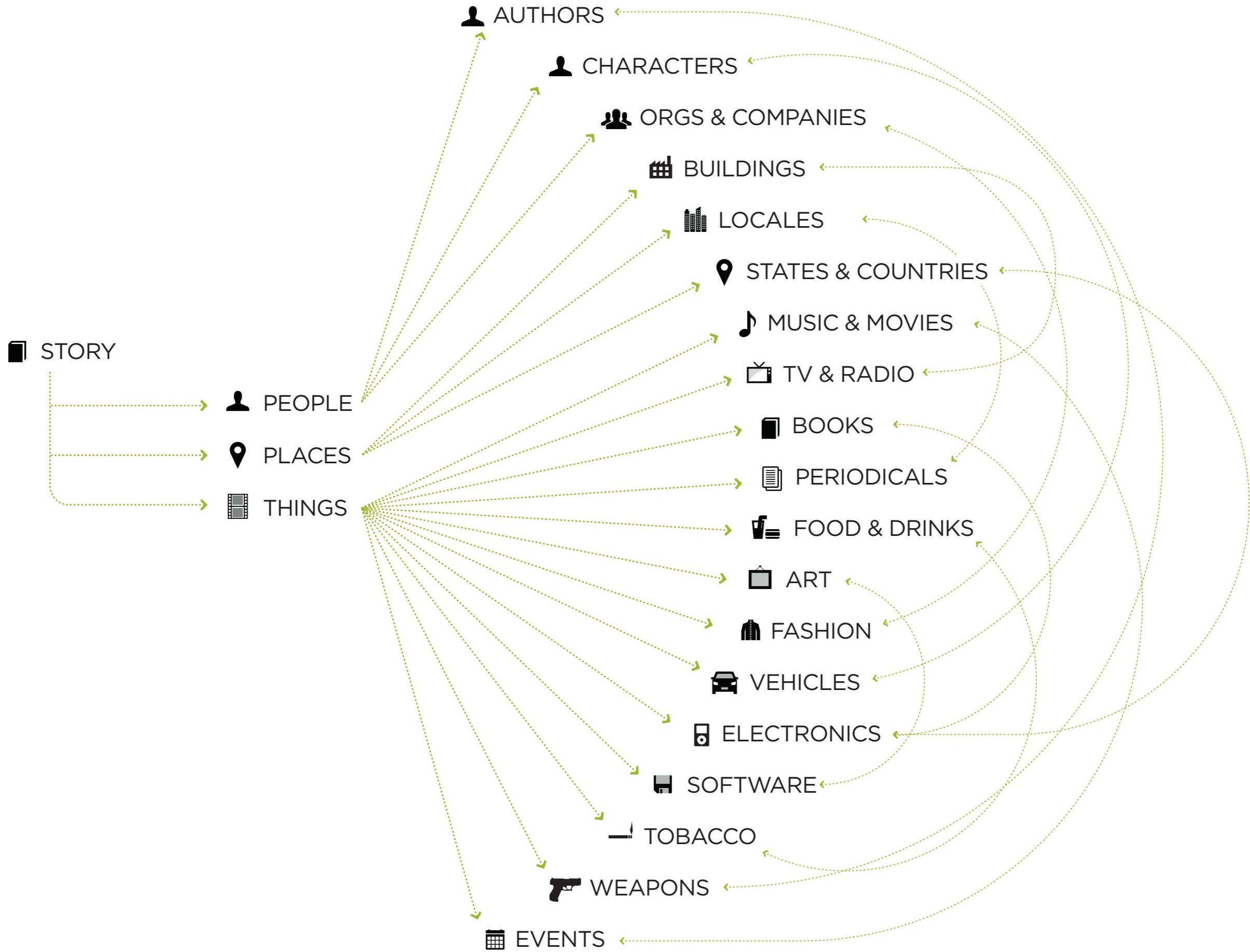
The message machine was flashing. It was late. Everything could wait. I'd just had a shower. I poured myself a glass of Lagavulin, put on a Thelonius Monk album, and went to bed with Conrad's *Between the Tides*. My eyes closed. Monk kept going, solo.



Fabio Montale  
Single Malt, Marseille



Valla  
Single Malt, LA & Marseille



“I am writing, as I think, in one sense or another, all writers write, letters to those who’ve come before me. I am telling them how it is here, at this time, at this place, with me, the son they never knew.”

—James Sallis



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